

KCC Newsletter

Spring 2003

Kasilof Community Church

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As the 10th issue of the KCC Newsletter is close to being finalized, I sit here at my computer with mixed feelings. Why? I doubt I will ever be able to effectively express why. However, I do want to carefully communicate something I feel strongly about; I pray it won't be misunderstood.

You see, I believe there is an Iraqi family that very likely has endured living under the oppressive leadership of a dictator I would rather refer to as Sad-Man. It is altogether possible that this same family has now lost a loved one as a result of America's attempt to liberate them. How terribly ironic this is. On the other hand, there is a mother sitting in front of her American television set watching and wondering if her son is one that will not come home alive.

When she receives the horrible call that informs her that the boy she nurtured for 18+ years will be coming home as a war casualty, I can only cry with her too. And, I can only wonder what it all means. Regardless of your position on the war in Iraq, it is an

inevitable fact that freedom has never been a commodity that comes without a price. When I hear Mad-Man Hussein pray to god (Allah), I also wonder what the one true God (Jehovah) must be thinking. Does He hear the cries of the Muslim mother who has lost her son? I believe so. How about the American mother's groans? Yes, He also hears her. But, what can His response be? He too gave His Son in a battle for freedom. This Son died for both the Iraqis and Americans. So, I am left to ponder what it all means as our sons and daughters battle for a freedom that is worthless compared to this ultimate freedom. At last I yearn for the day that is coming, as expressed in Phil 2:9-11 "Because of this, God raised Him up to the heights of heaven and gave Him a name that is above every other name,¹⁰ so that at the name of Jesus every knee will bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth,¹¹ and every tongue will confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

FROM PASTOR'S PC: A few days ago some of our people shared with me this very timely article by Ron Hutchcraft. While I usually write a few lines for this column, these points are especially appropriate regarding our current events. May our precious Lord encourage you with these words.

10 WAYS TO PRAY IN TIMES LIKE THESE.

1. "Lord, do something that will show people Your glory over all the earth."

- a. *"O God ... let Your glory be over all the earth."* Psalm 108:5
b. *"Be utterly amazed. For I am going to do something in your days that you would not believe, even if you were told."* Habakkuk 1:5

This is a moment for God to do something that no diplomat, no world leader, no army could possibly do - so all will know that "the Lord *He* is God."

2. "Lord, use these anxious and uncertain times to bring many to Christ."

- a. *"Pray ... that the message of the Lord may spread rapidly and be honored."* II Thess 3:1
b. *"May God be gracious to us and bless us ... that Your ways may be known on earth, Your salvation among all nations."* Psalm 67:1, 2

God can use this fearful time to reach the hearts of many - in Iraq, in America, across the Middle East, among the young men and women of the military.

3. "Lord, guide our leaders to be instruments of Your will on earth."

- a. *"I urge ... that requests, prayers, intercession and thanksgiving be made for everyone - for kings and all those in authority."* I Timothy 2:1, 2

A believer's responsibility to "honor the king" (I Peter 2:17) and to pray for those in authority transcends political labels and issues - it is a spiritual responsibility!

4. "Lord, protect the innocent."

- a. *"Blessed is he who has regard for the weak; the Lord delivers him in time of trouble..."* Ps 41:1
b. *"A Father to the fatherless, a defender of widows, is God in His holy dwelling."* Psalm 68:5

In the violence of war, of oppression, of terrorism, only God can protect the innocent - innocent citizens, innocent victims, innocent combatants.

5. "Lord, use human authorities to "bring punishment on evildoers."

- a. *"The governing authorities ... are God's servant, an agent of wrath to bring punishment on the evildoer."* Romans 13:1, 4
b. *"It is God who judges; He brings down one, He exalts another."* Psalm 75:7

Ultimately it is God Himself, sometimes using human instruments, who removes those He does not want in authority any longer. "He brings princes to naught" (Isaiah 40:23).

6. "Lord, have Your way and Your will in the lives of our enemies."

a. "Pray for those who mistreat you."

Luke 6:27

Jesus has charged us to represent even our enemies before His Throne of Grace.

7. "Lord, make a way for people to live in the dignity and freedom that goes with being made in Your image."

a. "Live as free men..."

I Peter 2:16

b. "Weep and wail, because of the misery that is coming upon you ... you who have fattened your selves in the day of slaughter. You have condemned and murdered innocent men..." Ja 5:1, 5, 6

c. "Act justly ... love mercy ... walk humbly with your God."

Micah 6:8

Every person on this planet is "God's workmanship" (Ephesians 2:10), worthy of the dignity and respect a "God's image" person should have.

8. "Lord, help Your people model peace in these troubled times, pointing the people around them to Jesus - at a time when hearts are soft."

a. "We have this hope as an anchor for the soul, firm and secure."

Hebrews 6:19

b. "Open your eyes and look at fields! They are ripe for harvest."

John 4:35

This uncertain time is a life-saving moment - when those who belong to Jesus have an unusual window to introduce Him to those who don't. But the window may not be open for long.

9. "Lord, use world events to open many doors that have been closed to Your Gospel."

a. "The Lord has His way in the whirlwind and in the storm."

Nahum 1:3

b. "Pray that God may open a door for our message..."

Colossians 4:3

God's plan is much larger than disarmament, political change, or military victory - He's about getting the Good News of His Son to hearts and places it has never gone!

10. "Lord, bring peace out of all that's happening."

a. "That we may live peaceful and quiet lives in all godliness and holiness."

I Timothy 2:2

God has told us that the result He desires in answer to our prayers for our leaders is a climate where peace and righteousness can flourish.

"The prayer of a righteous man is powerful and effective."

James 5:16

Forgotten?

We live in a cynical world where we take advantage of a lot of things. We put gas in our cars without really even thinking twice how it got there or what it took for it to get where it is...in your car. We kiss our children at night thinking without a doubt that we will be able to see their face in the morning. What we often fail to see is why we are able to do these simple things. You may not think that driving up and down the super highways is a privilege, but a right. If you think this way then you are exactly right and you may be even wondering why you are still reading this. But there is more.

Who made it possible for you to be able to have these rights? I'll tell you. Countless wars have been fought because men and women like you believed that they should live in a world where they were allowed to succeed. Our founding fathers made this country hoping to change the way we looked at freedom...and by this I mean true freedom. Did you know that millions of people in the world envy our freedom? I think it's obvious why they want to destroy us. They want what we have. And if that means invading our homes and offices, then that is what they will do.

My name is Stewart Lee Blakeslee and I am an Aviation Ordnanceman in the United States

Navy. In a nutshell I put bombs together. I joined right after I graduated from Soldotna High school. I'm on a naval carrier (USS Constellation) and am currently on deployment in the Arabian Gulf. I lay my head down every night knowing that in some way, somewhere I have made a difference in someone's life. But it sickens me to know that there are people out there who want to be apart of what our wonderful nation stands for, but don't want to do what it takes to maintain that which sets us apart from every other country our there. To these people I ask, "Why are you in my country?" We were given a glimpse of patriotism when our country came together for those who perished in the September 11th attacks. For a moment we all banded together in what seemed to be one of the



strongest efforts in our nation's history to overcome adversity. We pulled through tough times and uplifted those who needed uplifting. We honored the men and women who sacrificed their lives trying to save those that were still alive under the dusty rubble in New York. We committed ourselves to finding the ones who were responsible for the actions that took place.

Two years have almost passed and people have lost sight of this. People insist that Saddam Hussein has done nothing wrong and doesn't deserve to be removed from his command. To these people I ask, "What side are you on?"

Millions of messages have been given to the people of Iraq, urging them to remember what Saddam did back in the Gulf War. He killed his own people to see if his biological weapons would work properly against our forces. He also made it into office with a 100% vote. That was only because he sent out people to kill those who wouldn't vote for him. How can you say that he shouldn't be punished for what he has been hiding all this time? To all you who still believe that he is a "good" person and shouldn't cooperate with our leaders by disarming his weapons of mass destruction, I ask you to please move to Iraq! By all means remove yourself from my free country! Go live in a country where you are always looking over your shoulder fearing that your opinion might get you killed. Or maybe your children might grow up wondering what it would be like to be free enough to get the job that they want to get, not what some dictator tells them to do. So I ask you, the one questioning yourself, "Have you forgotten?"

To all of you who still believe that driving down the highway is a right and not a privilege, my heart goes out to you!!! I am so grateful to serve someone who still believes that our country is great. To all of you that haven't forgotten about what happened to our country on September 11th, and who haven't forgotten that this war isn't about Saddam Hussein but a war about terrorism world wide, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. This man just happens to be one of the potential causes for concern. He needs to be taken care of and I am so thankful for the support. God didn't create a coward when he created me. He created a being that would stand up for what's right. I didn't join the United States Navy to die for a country who didn't believe in me or anyone else who chose to fight for continued freedom. I joined the Navy to ensure peace and freedom for generations to come.

As I am thousands of miles away from home from my wonderful fiancé and outstanding parents, I thank you personally for making me the man I am today. Without you I wouldn't be here right now typing this letter. To all the friends I graduated with back in the class of 2001, wherever you are, I thank you all, thank you Soldotna for not forgetting. All of you have a place in my heart. As for the people who continue to abolish and deface what our country stands for, I hope you realize that people like me and the ones I have mentioned make it possible for you to disagree.

Take a look at yourselves. When you lay your children in bed at night, ask yourself, "Am I doing my part?" Ask yourself, "Have I forgotten?"

Sincerely,
A proud patriot of the United States of America.



The Deaconess Corner

- We have some new deaconesses: Delores Carter, Sheila Kupferschmid, & Robbie Horne have joined with Peggy McGarry & Sharon Knowlton.
- The deaconesses are working on the upcoming Easter Brunch. Easter is April 20th this year. Sign up sheets will be in the foyer for the potluck.
- If you are interested in being a Sunday morning greeter please let one of the deaconesses know.

INTERESTED IN ORDERING ORGANIC FOOD

Azure is the name of the company we order from which is located in Oregon. Azure specializes in organic food. We are a small co-op, ordering together gives us a better shipping rate. We order from a catalog supplied by Azure Farm, and then split the shipping. The shipping at this time is \$0.23/lb regular and \$0.26/lb frozen. We order the first Tuesday of each month, and the order arrives back from Oregon 2 weeks later on Tuesday. Each person is responsible to get the order to me (Rhoda Dolifka) prior to the 1st Tuesday of the month and responsible to make sure the item numbers are correct!!! If you have any questions, please call me. Email orders are taken at murwood@gci.net. Let me know if you can think of any other questions. Orders are picked up at my house!



**MEN'S OUTDOOR FELLOWSHIP DAY
SOLID ROCK BIBLE CAMP**



SATURDAY, APRIL 12TH

9:00 AM - 4:00 PM

IT'S ALL FREE OF CHARGE!

Please come to Solid Rock Bible Camp on Saturday, April 12th at 9am for a fine day of Christian Community sponsored fellowship and outdoor related fun for men and boys. Most men would agree they love living in Alaska. And why not? Whether they enjoy hunting or wildlife watching, fishing, photography, trapping, skiing, hiking, boating or camping, no matter what activity gets them outside, Alaska is a wonderful place for men to pursue their chosen outdoor related pastimes. We must be cautious however not to worship the creation, but instead we must focus our worship on the Creator. But that doesn't mean we can't enjoy God's great outdoors and the great things He has given us! Please join us as we worship God and learn how Jesus Christ has touched the lives of men through their love of the outdoors.

Please come prepared for:

- ✓ **Excellent guest speakers!**
- ✓ **Refreshments!**
- ✓ **Joyful worship and prayer!**
- ✓ **A satisfying "guy stuff" lunch! (provided free of charge)**
- ✓ **Outdoor skills demonstrations taught by the experts!**
- ✓ **Lot's of great men's Christian fellowship!**
- ✓ **Rain or shine!**

Please bring a friend or a youngster (remember Matthew 28:18)

THE HARD TRUTH

by Brent Johnson

I wish I could undo my past
Where now in stone mistakes are cast.
My soul for sins I can atone
But man can't chisel flesh and bone.

When oft' my joints began to ache
I give my life a double-take.
And wonder where I went astray
That I should hurt so much today?



The 'frig was what undid my back
I lifted it and felt a, "Crack!"
That moment of stupidity
Has ever since then haunted me.

The surgeon scarred me in a whisk
And took away a lower disc.
I realize it's tweaked for life
Without a wand, he used a knife.

These knees were twisted up in sports
Smooth cartilage took it in the shorts.
The doctor tried to fix the tear
My nerves remind me he was there.

Yet even I at forty-eight
Admit at times this life is great.
To hold a wife in warm embrace
And see a smile on her face.

She aches I know I've heard her say
The parts of her that hurt each day.
Our lease on life is coming due
And it is one we can't renew.

Extensions can be justified
For those whose health may still abide.
Alas ! I'm sad and also late
My past has set a certain fate.

How long will I in sorrow sink?

Well only to the grave I think.
Prepense I drift into that dream
There are some things I'd like to *scream*

My son be careful how you lift
Before your back incurs a rift.
Your eyes and ears protect them please
These kind of things don't grow on trees.

I've found that fish is choice cuisine
To keep a body skookum-lean.
Omega acids bathed in taste
For diets that are really chaste.

The gurus say that water's bliss
So soak the old esophagus.
And carbonated soda pop
Will rot your teeth with just a drop.

Don't give your kids too much desert
I'd rather that you fed them dirt.
For sugar snacks we must forsake
And habits are so hard to break.

Our joy is not a glutton's tomb
Nor life a pleasure we consume.
Relationships are what is sweet
And make our lives perchance complete.

D'ya want these wrinkles 'neath my eyes?

Then balance sleep with exercise.
The sissy things like helmets —wear
For heads are more than mats of hair.

When someone's health is all but shot
Their doctor takes the coffee pot.
So stop before you're on the brink
Such poison can't be good to drink.

The experts now they all agree
'Tis vegetables that are the key.
To diets which in all extremes
Will compliment your special genes.

Eternal life may wait for us
And then again... maybe just dust.
We speculate for when we're dead
But don't you doubt a word I've said.

I once was young and now am old
I've learned we must be self controlled.
Yet some may say, "We've seen you
Gramps
All doubled up with eating cramps."

Would points of fact be less valid
Because I did not eat salad?
I wish I could undo my past
But now in stone mistakes are cast.

HOUSEHOLD 2003

On January 5 of this year, “Household 2003” was born. However, just like the birth of a child, this concept took time to “germinate.” Planted and nourished by Jeff & Molly Aley, Household 2003 turned out to be a wonderful evening of fun & fellowship.



In Galatians 6:10 we read, “Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all, especially to those who are of the *household* of faith.”

From this Scriptural encouragement, Jeff & Molly had a vision of bringing together the household of faith for a night of fun and games, but most importantly, for fellowship in the name of Jesus. They very much wanted this to be an event where everyone in the central Peninsula would feel welcome, and that they would be able to

see what it was like for the household of faith to come together as a family. From all the feedback that the organizers received, all of the objectives were abundantly exceeded.

The venue was Skyview High School, which led to the feeling of a community event, as contrasted to holding it in an area church. Young and old alike gathered at the school for a night filled with games, food, music, testimony, and just some good old time fellowship. To attempt to name all of the people responsible for the success of this event would be laughable, there just were too many people willing to help wherever needed. For that, all we can say is, “Thank-you!” You know who you are and so does our heavenly Father.

But, for something like this to come off as successfully as it did, it requires leadership. To that end, we need to thank Jeff and Molly. They spent endless hours planning the event and lining up people willing to serve in the numerous activities that took place. On January 5, 2003 Skyview High School was filled with people scurrying from event to event, laughing, eating, competing, and just enjoying the whole evening. It truly was a wonderful evening; hopefully just the beginning of many more “Households” to come.



Philosophical Musings by Joel Shields

Karl Marx's now famous rants about the nature of religion have long been quoted by theists and atheists alike; however, such quotations have rarely been consistent with Marx's actual views on the subject. To fully understand why Marx stated religion is the "opium of the people", we must delve beneath the surface value of the statement and view it from the intellectual lenses Marx himself used.

Marx viewed everything through the lenses of his dialectical materialism, in which he asserts that ideas can only come to rise as a result of material conditions (Encarta, 2000). Through his dialectic, Marx viewed economics as the motivating material force throughout history. Each stage of human history, beginning with primitive communism and continuing to feudalism, capitalism, and finally state communism, is progressed by the problems of the previous economic system.

Marx, being born into a time in which naturalism was rampant, viewed religion quite skeptically. The ruling class, Marx supposed, used religion as a tool to keep the workers bound to their subservient status within the capitalistic system. For if the workers can be kept unknowingly fastened to the false doctrines of religion, they will become complacent and simply accept their class position in society. Marx believed that religion does not exist independently, but simply exists to satisfy other needs or conditions. That is, Marx claimed religion to be so fully dependent upon economics that we cannot possibly consider any of its doctrines or beliefs independently (Fisher, 1999, p.140).

Because of Marx's stance as a reductionalist, he stated religion could only be understood as symptomatic of something substantial and real, which acts as the foundation for religion. Because economics was the basis for all Marx's writings, religion became the ideological tool of those who benefit from its imposing injustice. In this sense, the property owners use religion to show why the current class circumstances should remain unchanged. (Fisher, 1999, p.138)

Continuing this line of thought, Marx advanced his fervor against Christianity in his belief that theologians recognize the dearest qualities within man and proceed to strip them from their human possessors and place them upon the name of the heavens where they can be worshipped. According to Marx, that is why people refuse to take credit for their accomplishments. Marx advanced his theory that just as people transfer human qualities to a supreme being, capitalism reassigns natural human activity such as labor, and transforms it into a material object, which is possessed by the property owners. It is from this supposed alienation of the man from his endearing qualities and his labor, that Marx drew some of his most fervent accusations against religion (Fisher, 1999, p.139-140).

Now that Marx had identified one of the major enemies of the advancement of his ideologies, the most logical course of action was to devise a way to eliminate the enemy, religion. Inciting change according to Marx was no easy task. The pain suffered by the oppressed people was eased by this promised supernatural, so convincing the masses that they had been drugged by these religious teachings would no doubt be an unsettling task for the enlightened. However, Marx realized the need to awaken the people to their enslavement, for they couldn't commit any energy to changing the system while they were drawn off into the very fantasy which motivates their escapism (Fisher, 1999, p.143).

While Marx realized the practical problem posed by religion, his theoretical solutions remained as syllogisms, and not much more. Through his writings he maintained that with the eventual overturn of any given oppressive economic system, the need for religion would wane along with the class distinctions which support it. Practical solutions within Marx's writings were in seemingly short supply.

While Marx presented his conclusions as universal, his overall view of religion is one of a very narrow scope. Religion for Marx seems to be only those paradigms which hold promise to an afterlife. As is evident throughout world belief structures, not all religions promise such afterlives, and even some that do present the afterworld as something undesirable, even more so than the current life. It is because of these types of situations that we must question Marx's actual research on the subject matter. Perhaps his anthropological musings are nothing more than just musings. Although Marx highly supported the scientific method, in light of the entirety of his views on religion, it seems he crossed the line of following his own devised methods and hypocrisy (Fisher, 1999, p.147). Perhaps Marx took his reductionalist view too far concerning religion. He attempted to fit an entirely enormous system with many networked influences into a very narrow scope of reality in which there was but one motivating factor for religious beliefs, economics.

Because of these restrictions on the cause of religion and the nature of what perpetuates it, Marx's statements on the subject must be challenged in their entirety. Cultural historians have pointed out numerous instances in which factors such as art, religion, literature, politics, etc, have shaped the field of economics, not the other way around as Marx so strongly believed (Fisher, 1999, p.148).

Sources

Dialectic. (2000). Encarta 2000. Retrieved January 26, 2003 from Encarta Database
Fisher, M. (1999). Living religions. Upper Saddle Rider, NJ: Prentice Hall

Dear Church Family,

Rejoice with us here that last week the school books and supplies were moved to the new school building on the SIL language center! I can hardly believe it! I rented a large flatbed truck to make the move in one go as we have to traverse a very bad section of road between my place and the center due to a bridge being out. They were charging by the hour, so my guards and I took up the challenge to see if we could get 9 years accumulation of books, school furniture, and supplies loaded onto the truck, driven to the land, and unloaded within an hour. I've been packing for weeks a bit at a time and had everything ready to go the night before. Magnus and Benjamin arrived at 6 a.m. and we carried all the boxes down 3 flights to the curb. At 7 a.m. 4 more men arrived to help M. and B. carry the bookcases and other furniture downstairs. At 8 a.m. the truck arrived a block away to pick up a heavy cupboard and then proceeded on to my place. Everything was loaded in 25 minutes. The drive to the center took another 20, and with help from the folks working on the center, we offloaded in 12 minutes. There were 3 minutes to spare. The camaraderie and teamwork amongst the fellows was great to see, and of course it was good to have saved some of the Lord's money.

Some of us spent the rest of the day putting books on the shelves, making the school building look more and more like a school. I'm gradually getting materials unpacked and on shelves or in cupboards. Will I ever remember where I've put it? The school looks great with its new floor tiles and recently painted walls. I will plan on getting photos taken to give you an idea of what it's like.

Now we are all preparing for a 2-week Scripture in Use workshop to begin on March 31st. There will be about 80 people involved, mostly Mozambican pastors, from 9 of the language projects now in progress. They will be learning how to use the translated Scriptures in their home territory effectively. I'll be teaching the children of the translation teams coming. I'll have only 6 children this workshop, but they are on 5 different levels and ages 5 to 11. It is always a challenge to meet everyone's needs. Your prayers are certainly requested.

Blessings and peace to you all.

Love, Peggy

"Geezers" (slang for an old man) are easy to spot:

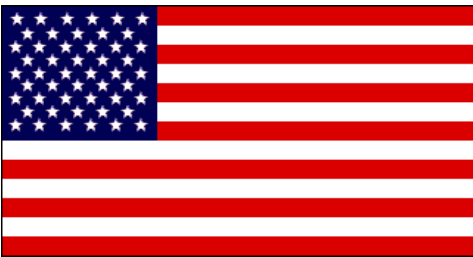
At sporting events, during the playing of the National Anthem, Old Geezers hold their caps over their hearts and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them. Old Geezers remember World War I, the Depression, World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon Landing, not to mention Vietnam.



If you bump into an Old Geezer on the sidewalk, he will apologize. If you pass an Old Geezer on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. Old Geezers trust strangers and are courtly to women. Old Geezers hold the door for the next person and always, when walking, make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.

Old Geezers get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like any filth on TV or in movies. Old Geezers have moral courage. They seldom brag unless it's about their grandchildren.

It's the Old Geezers who know our great country is protected, not by politicians or police, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country.



This country needs Old Geezers with their decent values. We need them now more than ever. Thank God for Old Geezers!

Pass this on to all the Old Geezers you know.

SOLID ROCK BIBLE CAMP HISTORY

Thunder and lightning, an unusual occurrence on the Kenai Peninsula, marked the first camp season at Solid Rock Bible Camp in 1958. Thirty-four campers came that first year, slept in a variety of tents, ate, played and worshipped in a make-shift tent. The rains came down but spirits were high, as a dream of Peninsula missionaries was now beginning to materialize: “To know Christ and make Him known through a Christ-centered camping ministry.”

In March of 1955, the Kenai Peninsula Fellowship, composed of evangelical missionaries and laymen, began a search for a site suitable for a Bible camp. The Fellowship authorized the purchase of land at Mile 901/2 on the Sterling Highway from the Bureau of Land Management in July of 1956 for the sum of \$945.27. Work on a road and clearing of land was begun and so despite poor weather and limited facilities, Solid Rock Bible Camp had its beginning in the summer of 1958.

Shortly after the first camping period in 1958, volunteer workmen began to build and by 1960 a large log lodge was nestled on the hill overlooking Miracle Lake. Built of logs cut in the Cooper Landing area, its most striking features are the large inverted spruce used as the center support and the stone fireplace. Named in memory of Carol Sue Crozier, Memorial Lodge has been largely furnished through memorial gifts from churches and individuals.

Construction was begun in 1964 on Totem House, which houses basement bathroom facilities, the Craft Shop and a small dorm. A 30 x 50 addition to Memorial Lodge was begun in 1967 and now houses the kitchen, dining room, girl's dorm rooms, bathrooms and infirmary. A freezer-cooler room and a Counselor's Lounge were added to the lodge with work completed in 1973. Five log cabins housing boys have been built and future plans call for a multi-purpose building and cabins for girls. Present buildings also include three buildings for staff housing.

Construction was begun on a new Retreat Center in 1977 and Peter and Alvina Nickel worked to complete this building. Peter was looking forward to coming back to Solid Rock for the summer of 1979, however the Lord called him home. The Board of Directors named the new building The Peter Nickel Memorial Retreat Center and on May 26, 1980 the building was dedicated to Peter's memory. As a complement to Peter's fine craftsmanship, the campers affectionately call it “The Mansion of the Hilltop.”

A Mission Outreach Team helped to construct the six-plex, which provides housing for campers and two apartments for single staff.

Wagon Train Camp began in 1977. Two Conestoga Wagons were constructed and moved to the north-east corner of the Solid Rock property near the horse corral. The Wagon Train camping program is planned for 4th-8th graders and a Horsemanship Training Camp for high schoolers. In 1978 a group of teenagers from Mission Outreach came to Alaska and constructed a barn at Wagon Train Camp. Tom and Martha Schultz of Kasilof remembered Solid Rock in their will and this helped to construct this building. In 1985 a Mission Outreach Team constructed a new café and the entire Wagon Train camp was moved to the site of the new building.

“Uncle” Harley Fellers gave part of his Kasilof Homestead to Solid Rock Bible Camp and in 1978 the property was sold and the money was used in 1979 to construct a workshop-maintenance building.

The camp is situated on 186 acres surrounding Miracle Lake. An additional 117 acres was purchased in 1970 to entirely enclose the lake, which provides boating, sailing in Sea Snarks, canoeing, waterskiing, swimming, and a giant water slide. The Rock, with its cleft and cave, is the focal point of the camp, giving a perfect illustration from nature of Christ, the Solid Rock. A beautiful view of Mt. Spur can be seen from various points on the camp grounds.

Campers are invited to develop their skill on the archery and rifle ranges, compete in basketball, volleyball, tetherball and field events on the large playing field overlooking Miracle Lake. Horsemanship, crafts, overnights, nature studies, campfires and stunt night all help to make camp a wonderful experience for each camper. All of these experiences are centered around the Word of God and what it teaches concerning salvation and daily growth in the Christian life. Wilderness canoe camping, backpacking, bike trips and raft trips have been added to the program and a camp for the handicapped began several years ago.

Winter Retreats are an important part of the camping schedule with all age groups enjoying skiing, cross-country skiing, tobogganing, skating and sledding. A ski rope is in operation on “The Hiss.”

Besides

We see a spider in a bath tub;
turn up our nose and crank the “hot.”

I guess he fell. “Aw little black bug,
the steep ol’ sides jes’ kept ya’ caught.”

Another prison holds the fallen
who stumbled over their own sin.
And fell in spite of voices calling,
“Oh please believe!” Above the din.



A Book describes it downright steeply,
so deep the dark has no refrain.
The heat I've heard engulfs completely
and every evil shrieks in pain.

The residents are not that friendly;
I read somewhere they've had a drought.
Their time has gotten awful spendy
and there's no way for climbing out.

Attend a church and be religious;
yeah fearing God will serve you well.
For only Christ can build the bridges,
to span the spiral hole of Hell.

by
Brent Johnson

Skunks, Bumpers & Clothes Irons

As each year passes by, requiring one more candle on the cake, or in my case, one more green egg to accompany the green ham or green pancakes (my family loves St. Patrick's day), I find myself wanting to look backwards in time in order to cherish the memories I still am capable of recalling. But, it doesn't take too many File - Opens before there is an autonomic response by my nervous systems. Some in the medical field have termed this condition the tremors. It seems that not every memory of my youth is what you would call "warm and fuzzy."

Perhaps I am making an overstatement, but it sure seems to me that in the past decade tattoos have become the most popular means by which people are expressing their individuality. Some choose to have their marks placed in obscure places, where few if any of us would ever notice. Others however, can't resist covering every square inch of skin on their body. Hey, to each his own - I just don't have enough confidence in that whatever I chose to permanently imprint on my body today would be that important to me tomorrow. That doesn't mean I don't feel strongly about some issues, but I decided long ago (well, it got decided for me), that I would let this permanent body marking thing take a more natural course.



Adjusting from paradise to life in a cursed world, Adam & Eve would often update each other with new discoveries.

One of the things my children have missed by being raised on the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, is the wonderful critter named *Mephitis mephitis*, more commonly referred to as a striped skunk. For those of you Alaskans who need a little bit of an education, skunks are a member of the weasel family. In North America, there are four types of skunks, most common is the striped skunk, which is black and identified by the white stripes running the length of its back. Striped skunks are generally the same size as a house cat, weighing up to 10 pounds. Their average length is about 24 inches. Skunks can spray their musky concoction up to 4-7m (13-23 ft)

in a favorable wind - although they are usually only accurate for up to about 2m (6.5ft). Musk is an oily liquid, creamy or yellowish in color. Its active ingredient is a sulphide called mercaptan. Field guides refer to the musk as "highly repellent to all mammals." In short, it stinks. Musk can make a predator sick or, if the skunk has been able to direct the substance into the animal's eyes, temporarily blind. Ok, enough biology for now.

When it became apparent that some skunks had taken up residence under our house, my older brother and some of his buddies decided to trap them so they might make them into pets. I don't recall the method used to capture these creatures, but I do remember the wooden milk crate holding two skunks with their noses sticking out between the slats. Because using our BB guns wouldn't be sporting, my neighbor, Rex, and I thought that sticks would be the better tool for our caper. So, Rex got on one end of the box and me the other and we started poking around to see what these wild animals would do. I think I now understand what the saying, "wrong end of the stick" means. While looking at Rex, one of these critters lifted their tail and fired a stinger missile my way. What a guidance system, let me tell you, he/she hit the bullseye. Folks, I would be lying if I told you I remember all that happened next, but in general terms it goes something like this. I was stripped naked and my clothes were burned. Unlike the end of most days, this time soap and water was not going to remove the evidence of Pat's troubles. Of course not. I became the garnish to a rather large cocktail, i.e., I got a bath in a tub full of tomato juice. Apparently, this liquid is one of the few things that can begin to remove skunk smell. Well, most of it. My mother will tell you to this day that the smell never completely left my ears for more than a decade. The only good thing about this "tattoo" is that it was invisible to the eye.

Being a brother to a houseful of sisters, meant I was charged with being their protector (even if I was much younger than all but one). That's why I had to always be practicing with my Daisy BB gun – which is what younger sisters are for, but that is another story. So, when one of my sisters was being picked on by the others, it was my job to come to her rescue. Knowing my propensity for chivalry, something tells me these goofy sisters of mine planned the following event. They were out in the yard playing catch,



but were purposely leaving one sister out of the game. This was more than I could take. So, I lowered my head and took off running toward the closest target. A few feet before contact, I decided to close my eyes so I wouldn't see the pain in my sister's face as I hit her with a Green Bay Packer linebacker blow. However, I didn't count on a Gayle Sayers sidestep. The result - I missed my target, but because my eyes were closed, I just kept on running until I took on the rear end of a 1960 Chevrolet pickup truck. Another set of events in my life that I don't recall very vividly, but the stitches in my mouth would leave a mark I carry with me to this day. Maybe this women's lib stuff isn't that bad a concept because Chivalry ain't all it's cracked up to be.

You know, had I been a little bit older when my first "branding" took place, I might have avoided some of the later pitfalls, but what-ifs are only that. Because our house had only one bathroom in it, and was occupied with multiple sisters, the competition for resources was fierce. My guess is that this is what happened the morning I was crawling around the house as a 1-year old with my sisters jumping over me as they ran half naked from their bedroom to the bathroom. Placed in a convenient location between these two rooms was our ironing board. Apparently, this was a busy morning, even by our standards, and one of my sisters, who was in a hurry, unplugged the cord from the iron, but left the other end still plugged into the wall outlet. Not one to miss a meal, little Pat soon came crawling along, found the iron-end of the cord and started gnawing away. A good electrician might understand how that juice got into and out of my mouth, but our family physician could not account for the fact that I was still alive after being electrocuted. I received a mouth full of 3rd degree electrical burns and a nice hole in my lip. This turned out to be my first tattoo, one I also still have today.

I am left to wonder what kind of statement all of this was supposed to make about my life, but I'll let you be the judge of that. My analysis is left to this: the next time you see someone with an attractive tattoo, remember that skunks and bumpers and electrical cords can also leave nice marks and you don't need any of those needles and a bottle of ink to mess things up. Just let it happen a'natural.

REMEMBER WHEN??????

Grandpa McGarry thought some of us might find it interesting to know what his son, Jerry, really is worth. As you can see from this bill from Mercy Hospital in Toledo, Ohio, where Jerry was delivered, in 1948 it cost \$8/day for the hospital room, plus \$6 for the nursery. Medicines & dressings cost \$1.08 and lab examinations cost \$3 for a grand total \$26.08 billed to the insurance co.

Items not covered by the insurance plan amounted to \$93.14 and included drugs, xray, blood plasma, electrocardiogram, miscellaneous, oxygen, and 5 additional days in the hospital.

So, the total bill for 7 days in the hospital was \$119.22

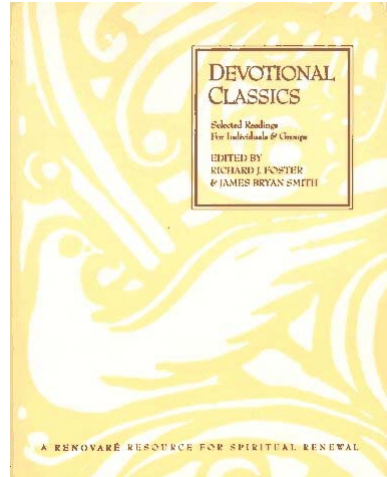
That is what Jerry is worth. I don't know what you think, but this sounds rather outlandish to me. I believe Grandpa got taken on the deal!! Perhaps this is where we get the saying, "Holy Toledo!"

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT				
PATIENT'S BILL FOR PERIOD COVERED BY BLUE CROSS				
THE HOSPITAL SERVICE ASSOCIATION OF TOLEDO				
443 HURON STREET—TOLEDO 4, OHIO				
SERVICES RENDERED BY	MERCY	HOSPITAL		
PATIENTS NAME	Louise M. McGarry	CONT. No. 158533-60		
CONTRACT HOLDERS NAME	John G. McGarry			
STREET & NO.	436 Clark St.			
CITY & STATE	Toledo, Ohio			
GROUP NO. 1702				
DATE ADMITTED	12/8/48	31 DAYS AVAILABLE	REGULAR CHARGES	AMOUNT COVERED
DATE DISCHARGED	12-10-48			
NO. OF DAYS COVERED BY PLAN	7-2 Cov.			
HOSPITAL CARE COVERED BY PLAN:				
1	PRIVATE ROOM	DAYS @ \$	\$	\$
2	SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM	2 DAYS @ \$ 8.00	16.00	16.00
3	WARD (NO. OF BEDS)	DAYS @ \$		
4	NURSERY		6.00	6.00
5	OPERATING ROOM			
6	DELIVERY ROOM			
7	MEDICINES AND DRESSINGS		1.08	1.08
8	LABORATORY EXAMINATIONS		3.00	3.00
9	BASAL METABOLISM TESTS			
10	MISCELLANEOUS			
11	SERUMS			
12	BIOLOGICALS & BIOCHEMICALS			
			(LINE 24)	(LINE 25)
13	TOTALS, ITEMS 1 THRU 12	→	\$ 26.08	\$ 26.08
ITEMS NOT COVERED BY PLAN:				
14	DRUGS NOT INCLUDED IN CONTRACT		4.50	↑ BENEFITS ITEMS #1 - #12 ONLY
15	X-RAY		15.00	
16	BLOOD PLASMA		17.50	
17	ELECTROCARDIOGRAM		3.00	
18	MISCELLANEOUS		10.14	
19	NO. OF DAYS NOT COVERED BY BLUE CROSS	5	10.00	
20	OXYGENS		3.00	
			(LINE 26)	
21	TOTAL, ITEMS 14 THRU 20, BILL TO PATIENT	→	\$ 93.14	
22	TOTAL REGULAR CHARGES, LINE 24 PLUS LINE 26	→	\$ 119.22	
23	TOTAL AMOUNT BILLED PATIENT, LINE 22 MINUS LINE 25	→	\$ 93.14	For Blue Cross Use
HOSPITAL TO COMPLETE INFORMATION CALLED FOR BELOW:				
DOCTOR		DAYS	RATE	AMOUNT
DIAGNOSIS				
TYPE OF CASE	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICAL	<input type="checkbox"/> SURGICAL	<input type="checkbox"/> MATERNITY	
	WD.	S.	P.	

KCC BOOK REVIEW: *Devotional Classics* by KCC Mystery Book Reviewer

Thomas Merton – ah, yes. Great author. (Umm, he was an author, right?). Soren Kierkegaard? Well, I know I’ve heard of him but . . . I can’t quite recall . . . No, I don’t believe I’ve read anything by Dietrich Bonhoeffer either . . . One of these days I would really like to read books by people such as these but I just don’t have the time right now!!

If the above paragraph sounds like something you’ve stumbled through – or would stumble through if someone asked you about the writings of our ‘church fathers’, I have a wonderful book for you!!



Devotional Classics is a book filled with readings selected from the writings of many of the classics of the faith. Each short chapter is a different author – some of whom you will recognize - but others whose names you may never have heard!! Devotional Classics is edited by Richard Foster and James Bryan Smith. Their stated goal is to reintroduce the rich, but mostly forgotten, heritage of Christian thought to modern Christians.

This book is intended to provoke thought, conversation, contemplation, instruction, repentance – and transformation! Let me provide you with just a few tasty morsels from these pages:

‘There is a way of ordering our mental life on more than one level at once. On one level we may be thinking, discussing, seeing, calculating, meeting all the demands of external affairs. But deep within, behind the scenes, at a profounder level, we may also be in prayer and adoration, song and worship and a gentle receptiveness to divine breathings.’ (Thomas Kelly, 1893-1941)

‘A sinner just healed of an iniquity walks as far as God commands him, but he walks slowly and with difficulty until such time as he has attained to devotion. Then like someone in sound health he not only walks but runs and leaps forward . . .’ (Francis de Sales, 1567-1622)

‘Through the dark night pride becomes humility, greed becomes simplicity, wrath becomes contentment, luxury becomes peace, gluttony becomes moderation, envy becomes joy and sloth becomes strength. No soul will ever grow deep in the spiritual life unless God works passively in that soul by means of the dark night.’ (John of the Cross, 1542-1591)

‘What folly to fear to be too entirely God’s! It is to fear to be too happy. It is to fear to love God’s will in all things. It is to fear to have too much courage in the crosses which are inevitable, too much comfort in God’s love and too much detachment from the passions which make us miserable . . . These truths frighten many people, and this is because they only know what religion exacts without knowing what it offers, and they ignore the spirit of love which makes everything easy.’ (Francois Fenelon, 1651-1715)

Devotional Classics is arranged in six segments with several readings in each segment. Each reading includes a short biography of the author, excerpts from his/her writings and a related selection from the Bible. Segment titles include *The Prayer-Filled Life*, *The Spirit-Empowered Life* and *The Compassionate Life*.

If you are tired of superficiality and seek for God to touch your heart – these writings will provide an incredible spiritual renewal for you. And, as a side note, you will also know who Thomas Merton, Soren Kierkegaard and Dietrich Bonhoeffer are and whether or not you like their writings!!

‘The disciple is one who, intent upon becoming Christlike . . . systematically and progressively rearranges his affairs to that end.’ (Dallas Willard, 1935 -)

Women

In a World Where Strength Determines Boundaries

From his vantage point on top of a hill, a dying man made provision for his mother. Apparently, she mattered enough to receive this attention in spite of attending discomforts. Seeing his friend, John, standing next to his mother; the dying man reached out to them. “Dear woman, here is your son.” To John he continued, “Here is your mother.”

Then too, the man had reason to reach out, for he had been raised by this woman. She had seen him into the world and she would see him out. In providing a son to replace himself, the man may have been doing all he could for his mother’s emotional needs.

Some folks say the dying man was revolutionary in regard to treatment of women. They point to the attitude displayed in his interactions with them. In the dying man’s day, society discriminated against women. Having studied history briefly under a brilliant teacher named Mike Christian, I’ve noticed women don’t always received the respect and appreciation due them.

The dying man made it plain that he esteemed women. He sought their service and valued personal relationships with them. Today many people doubt the man in fact did much of what has been written about him. One thing is sure, society didn’t believe him. How else can we explain the lack of improvement in the way society treated women.

AFTER EDEN

by Dan Lietha

30



Eve gets an easy question.

We know half of all people everywhere are female. And every person ever born is the child of a woman. Furthermore, children tend to receive far more personal care from mothers than from dad’s. Do dads nurse? Many men can’t even change diapers. Does poop not offend a woman’s nostrils? When children are sick, mom’s are first in comfort, first in administering medicine—and first in cleaning up vomit. Women help with homework, chauffeur children to sporting events, and put on birthday parties; all far more often than men.

Somewhere along life’s Merry Lane a separation oc-

curs. From that point on most young men view young women as hopeful fountains of sex. And the chase begins! Whom, though, do the consequences often traumatize? When was the last time you saw a young high-school man pregnant? If men are desperate for sex, shouldn't they be desperate for marriage, with its accompanying responsibilities?

“No” should be a word that disarms nature's preference for muscles in males. Though most men undoubtedly yield to such resistance, the failure of others is common knowledge. Rape initiated by women is almost non-existent. For some reason this ultimate disdain for respect is perpetrated almost exclusively by men. Before my mother reached fifteen she was raped by her uncle. In the world as it was, the effect on the uncle was probably no more than that of a beast with a full stomach. Unfeeling, unaffected, and on he went. The drama is different for girls. Assaulted, abased, afraid and alone.

Where do you see men with black eyes because they “fell down the steps?” Drunk fools beat their wives, not the other way around. The responsibility for this travesty of justice hangs on a society that idealizes alcohol without offering workable answers for its abuse.

In no way would I say that women are good and men bad. Probably most people have traits of both good and bad, no matter what moral standard is used for such a determination. Be that as it may, women bear certain pains that men never feel.

When mutual respect permeates any relationship, feelings of peace and appreciation follow; be the relationship friends, co-workers, or strangers. What is as sweet as the feelings of love in a marriage based on Biblical standards of respect and appreciation? We can be thankful that improvements have been made.

Women vote in America. Women have laws to protect them in America. Most women lead fulfilled lives in America. While we pride ourselves with leading the world in respecting women, the aforementioned injustices are all representative of America.

American women gained the right to vote in 1920. This was the culmination of years of work by activists who relentlessly sought equality. More work is needed. The '60s brought a weird change regarding gender restraints —free love and burned bra's. Such



The original man and woman had a perfect understanding of each other. Sin brought the curse. The curse brought many books.

nonsense underscored differences between the sexes far more than it liberated women to a world of equality. Free love only accentuated a woman's vulnerability. My message isn't an essay of how similar are the sexes. It is an exhortation to respect the so called "weaker ones," who incidently do more than the strong in the daily undelectable tasks of life. Love shouldn't be free when it means sexual intercourse. There is far too much at stake to make that act "free."

The United States preaches international negotiations "from a position of strength." To me that means we negotiate with other countries, but if the negotiations don't go our way, we use our strength to coerce cooperation. As long as that same mentality is foremost in the male logic, equality between the sexes will never exist. Justice based on strength must give way to justice based on justice. O.J. Simpson made it apparent to everyone that physical strength can express itself in murder. Financial strength can buy freedom.

The world's all-time, best selling book features a story about a man who befriended women. This book tells us that a group of men hoped to stone a woman caught in adultery. The accusers don't mention any such penalty planned for the man, who must also have been caught in infidelity. Strong arms took up stones but then paused to ask a Jewish teacher for approval. That teacher refused to give permission, saying, "Let the man among you who is without sin, cast the first stone." One by one, the accusers dropped their stones and dispersed.



Mob action eventually led to the teacher's death. Thus caught in the midst of a brilliant career, this man was nailed for teaching new ideas. Yet even then he took time out of a rather busy day to make provision for his mother. What a wonderful example of love and respect!

Today's men would do well to heed this example. Somehow in the softness of a woman; God has poured in extra portions of love, service and sentiment. To realize dividends from that outpouring, however, depends on respect from men.

This, then, is the issue on the nose. Let tomorrow's men show their strength by changing a few diapers. And let respect and appreciation replace strength as the basis for all relationships.

Brent Johnson

Q Dear Ann Landers: I read that essay by Rose Mula about the old lady in the house and had to share with you my grandfather's favorite poem. Pops wrote poetry for all occasions, and as a result, was known as the poet laureate of Ocean View, Del. I hope you will print Pops' poem. He would have loved to have seen it in your column. — A Devoted Grandson in Somerville, N.J.

A Dear Grandson: Your grandfather was very talented. I hope you inherited some of his genes. Here's his essay, with my thanks for sending it on.

The Mirror

By John T. West Jr.

The other day, I happened by chance,
As I passed a mirror, to give it a glance.
And I wondered who that old man
could be,

Who, with his mouth wide open, was
looking at me.

His bald head was sprinkled with a lit-
tle gray fuzz,

And he wasn't at all handsome (like I
always was).

He looked like a sack of mis-mated
parts,

Put together without aid of instructions
or charts.

And while I know that my shoulders
don't slump,

This person's were misshapen in one
ugly hump!

Now, if that was my image, I only can
say,

They don't make mirrors like they did
in my day.

SUBMITTED

BY

**GRANDPA
&
GRANDMA**

McGARRY

***Is it just me,
or do the rest of you
long for those days
when taking the wife and mother-in-law out
for that Sunday drive in the country
wasn't so bad?***

Life was so simple back then..



THE EDEN ALTERNATIVE

There is a segment of our community, and many others across the nation, that tends to be ignored. It's a group close to my own heart - nursing home residents.

They suffer from what Dr. William Thomas defines as the three curses of the elderly - loneliness, helplessness and boredom. The three antidotes to combat these curses are plants, animals and children. I'm helping to initiate a new program at Heritage Place in Soldotna where I work called The Eden Alternative. It seeks to restore and encourage a higher quality of life to the elderly and others who reside there by making our facility less institutional and more home-like.

When I was reading through the books about the Eden Alternative I really saw the merit of the philosophy, but was somewhat dismayed as I discerned a real New-Age flavor to much of the material with quotes from Mohammad and Buddha rather than the Bible. It also honors man rather than God. One of the main reasons I took on this project was so I could encourage Christians to be involved and slant it to a Christian world-view instead. It is an opportunity to be a blessing as well as receive one.

Some things I envision, although the possibilities are endless, are bringing in an antique or collectible and discussing it on a one-to-one informal basis with residents. Someone with pets they don't mind people petting would be very interesting and encourage good memories for many of our pioneers/hunters. Chickens, ducks, guinea pigs, puppies, kittens or any other calm pet or farm animals would be enjoyed. Can't you just imagine the fun of a little child pulling a wagon full of puppies or kittens through the hallways?

Everyone loves babies and children and it's wonderful to see eyes light up when a baby comes in. Musical talents are great to share and I've had requests for someone to read stories out loud. Normal home environments are filled with variety and spontaneity and these are the type of things that can really help increase their quality of life.

Recently I did a survey of what our residents were interested in and the number one interest was gardening. We hope to get a handicap accessible garden started this spring. We may have a work day when we could recruit some strong muscles from the youth group and some wisdom from accomplished gardeners. As a long-term project we want to make a wheelchair path meander through our back yard with benches, birdhouses, rock gardens and pull-out areas to provide another way to enjoy the outdoors.

Do you have any other ideas? We can use donations (tax deductible) of money as well as time. It could be a memorial to someone you've lost. Leviticus 19:32 "Rise in the presence of the aged, show respect for the elderly and revere your God." In the New Testament there are hundreds of verses about love and this is the real need our residents have. Please pray for me that I may go about this project in a way that honors God. If you have any questions or comments, please get in touch with me.

Andrea Newgren 260-2657

Witnessing

submitted by Larry & Val Lewis (author unknown)

His name is Bill. He has wild hair, wears a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans, and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college. He is brilliant. Kind of esoteric and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college. Across the street from the campus is a well-dressed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students, but are not sure how to go about it. One day Bill decides to go there. He walks in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt, and wild hair. The service has already started and so Bill starts down the aisle looking for a seat. The church is completely packed and he can't find a seat. By now, people are really looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything. Bill gets closer and closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just squats down right on the carpet (although perfectly acceptable behavior at a college fellowship, trust me, this had never happened in this church before!) By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick.

About this time, the minister realizes that from way at the back of the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Bill.

Now the deacon is in his eighties, has silver-gray hair, and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, very courtly. He walks with a cane and, as he starts walking toward this boy, everyone is saying to themselves that you can't blame him for what he's going to do. How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor? It takes a long time for the man to reach the boy. The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane. All eyes are focused on him. You can't even hear anyone breathing. The minister can't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself and sits down next to Bill and worships with him so he won't be alone. Everyone chokes up with emotion. When the minister gains control, he says, "What I'm about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget."

"Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read."